

("Over and Over" by Reignwolf plays us in as we cut to yet another sold out arena filled with fans who are standing out of their seats and waving their signs to welcome us in to the show! There is no mistaking that is a North Carolina crowd as the rowdiness and charm of the state shines through in how they carry themselves as an audience. Chants of "OWA" ring throughout the arena, but more prominently are chants of "Jeff X"!)

Lance Hart: Here we are in North Carolina Carolina ready for another edition of Sunday Night Kingdom, the penultimate edition in fact, before the historic show that is Final Destination! The show of shows is quickly coming together, and tonight we continue our journey!

Morgan Shaw: Part of the journey came apart on our rival show, Olympus! The hometown hero that everyone is cheering for right now - Jeff X - came down and attacked Bull Connors! That's his official Final Destination opponent, something which none of us were expecting when we saw him hit Moongoose McQueen with that X-Crusher!

Lance Hart: Jeff swerved us all but I knew something was up when he didn't sign that contract of his! Now the only way Goose has a shot at revenge is through tonight's main event where his boys Cameron and Consuelo will take on the team of Jeff X and Kenny Drake in what has been titled a "Carolina Style Donnybrook"!

Morgan Shaw: Fancy name or not, it's easy to take away the fact that this is going to be a free for all brawl! If Goose's squad has his way, neither Kenny nor Jeff will be able to make it to their FD world title match ups!

Lance Hart: While Kenny and Jeff fight to maintain their statuses, we still have many trying to cement their places! Aria Jaxon will be taking on Arata Asakura tonight! And RD3 will be taking on Hayden Cross! Who knows who will impress McAdams and get some momentum for FD!

Morgan Shaw: Well to kick us off we'll see who can gain momentum between Havoc and Michael Bishop as they get ready to go to war before their Ascension to the Heavens Briefcase match!

Michael Bishop vs. Havoc

Michael Bishop rushes the ring and here we go. Havoc fights back and they brawl around the ring to get things going. Back and forth between the two. They go into the corner. Havoc with a big chop and more offense. Bishop fights out with a headbutt.

Bishop continues to overpower Havoc around the ring. Bishop with a big sideslam. Bishop fights Havoc back into a corner with another headbutt. Havoc fights back with strikes. Havoc with more chops now. Havoc tries to mount Bishop in the corner but Bishop drops him. Bishop pulls at Havoc's mouth against the ropes as the referee warns him. Fans chant for Bishop as he continues to keep Havoc down with big clubbing shots. Havoc gets whipped hard into the corner and he goes down as fans cheer for Bishop. Bishop continues to focus on Havoc's back now,

keeping him grounded. Bishop with another big whip into the turnbuckles. Havoc goes down but kicks out at 2.

Bishop grounds Havoc with a body lock now. Havoc tries to fight back but Bishop levels him again. Bishop lifts Havoc for a vertical suplex and holds him in the air for almost 30 seconds, turning it into a Brainbuster for a big pop. We go back to commercial with Bishop in control.

Back from the break and they're going at it. They trade shots in the middle of the ring but Bishop continues to shut down Havoc's comeback attempts. Bishop with a corner clothesline and a back splash in the corner for a close 2 count. More back and forth. Havoc slides out of a move but Bishop goes on and hits a stiff lariat, turning Havoc inside out for a close 2 count.

Bishop catches Havoc in a big powerslam and then nails a senton. Bishop drops his straps and goes to the top but Havoc jumps up with a forearm to the head. Havoc climbs up and they trade shots. Bishop sends Havoc down but he comes back with the enziguri. Havoc climbs back up for the superplex and finally hits it as a "holy s--t!" chant breaks out. Havoc covers for a close 2 count. Bishop goes out to re-group but Havoc dropkicks him through the ropes.

He runs into the ropes and crashes into Bishop hitting a big suicide dive on the floor. Bishop ends up catching him on the outside with a big powerbomb on the apron! Bishop brings Havoc back in and goes to the top for a flying axe handle. Havoc catches Bishop on the way down with a big knee strike. Havoc knocks Bishop off of the top and perches himself on his own. But....

Lance Hart: WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE!

Morgan Shaw: Azumi Goto just pushed Havoc off of the top rope and sent him crashing to the floor! Havoc eats the guard rail! Jonetta Stone meets him on the ground! HARD RIGHT to the face! Havoc falls over as Jonetta is just MOLLEYWHOPPING that man while his head is stuck against the barricade!

Azumi Goto stands up on the top rope now and drops down. Double foot stomp onto Bishop while he's recovering! The referee's shock has worn off as he now has the guts to call for the bell!

Winner: N/A - NO CONTEST

(The bell keeps on ringing as Azumi Goto gives Bishop a hard body kick for good measure -- and Jonetta delivers yet another hard right as Bishop stumbles to his knees.)

Lance Hart: The Odyssey girls have invaded Kingdom! I want to be mad, but at the same time I can't blame them for returning the favor after what Havoc did to them on Saturday!

Morgan Shaw: The ladies of the Ascensions to the Heavens match have made their presence felt with the guys as this match is officially brand warfare! It's not just internal beef amongst competitors on their brand - EVERYONE is fair game! And Jonetta gives ONE LAST shot to Havoc for that road as that glove of hers must be loaded! There is definitely something in that hand to stun two guys like Bishop and Havoc!

Lance Hart: An eye for an eye! This whole attack was about leveling the playing field! But we'll see how Havoc and Bishop feel about leaving it at this! It's been a crazy start to Kingdom but we'll be right back with even more out of control action!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Rita Gonzales: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

Crowd: One Fall!!!

('Riders of the Damned' by Black Label Society starts up as the crowd cheers for Hayden Cross, cracking his neck, and looking hyped up as he heads down the ramp, sliding into the ring quickly).

Rita Gonzales: From Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 231lbs..... HAAAAYDEN CROOOOSS!!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: And here we are folks, a match that is sure to end in either someone dying, or nearly so. Hayden Cross, a man who wrestles as mental as he looks, all the way from Sin City!! Hayden's been with us here at OWA for nearly a year now, and he's proven to be one of the tougher guys in the middle rankings of the Kingdom roster, with the grit and determination to one day hold the world title-

Lance Hart: -Or the *Spartan's* title, speaking of which shaw, his opponent tonight is none other than the *holder* of that belt. Reginald Dampshaw the Third, RD3, he's proven himself a cunning and dastardly man who's willing to do whatever it takes, regardless of *whomever* it happens to. If Hayden wants to gain momentum with a win off the Spartan's Champion, he's gonna need to dig deep here tonight...

Morgan Shaw: God knows Reggie is gonna have more than enough tricks up his sleeve.

(The lights go out and soon, a blinding white light showers the audience. Two hooded figures come out. They both stand side by side, a large snake coiled over their shoulder. The lights go out once more before the dark, technical music kicks in)

"And did those feet in ancient time

Walk upon England's mountains green

And was the holy lamb of God

On England's pleasant pastures seen"

(Dampshaw slowly comes out, standing between the two hooded figures, the snake now resting on all three shoulders. Reginald begins laughing and then commands the two figures to return to the back. Dampshaw then shoots his eyes back to the ring and begins walking down the ramp. He notices the camera and stares directly into it as he is walking)

Rita Gonzales: From Ryde, Isle of Wight, England, weighing in at 225 lbs, he is "The Bringer of The New Dawn", "Cracked-No-Longer", "The Time Lizard", and the O-W-A Spartan's Champion!!!.....REEEEEEGGGGINNNNNALLLD DAAAAMMMMMPPSSSHAAWWW III!

"Bring me my Bow of burning gold

Bring me my arrows of desire

Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold

Bring me my Chariot of fire"

(Reginald slowly enters the ring and walks over to a turnbuckle. He climbs onto it and closes his eyes with his arms outstretched. He looks back at the camera, laughs and yells).

Reginald Dampshaw III (Off Mic): Behold! The Time Lizard!

Lance Hart: Jesus.... That entrance still give me goosebumps

Morgan Shaw: bah!! Lot of smoke and mirrors

Lance Hart: And hooded figures, children voice overs, a man calling himself the time lizard...

Morgan Shaw: Just a cunning, evil man trying to keep hold of his belt. Come on Hayden, for Kingdom god dammit!!

(Ring! Ring! Ring!).

Lance Hart: And there's the bell- Hayden and Dampshaw locking up in the middle!!! Hayden trying to muscle Dampshaw back, by the champ is standing firm, both men almost IDENTICAL in size!!! Dampshaw attempting to kick out one of Hayden's legs, the lock up loosening as RD3 is now trying to push the offensive!!

Morgan Shaw: But Hayden hooks Dampshaw around the neck, he grabs a leg- EXPLODER SUPLEX!!!! The Champ is stunned!! Hayden using some of his suplex arsenal tonight!!!

Lance Hart: Reginald circling to his feet, but Hayden from behind, GERMAN SUPLEX- No!! Reginald hooks a leg around Cross'!! Dampshaw now following up with elbows to the temple of Hayden, forcing "Southpaw" to go stumbling back!!! Reginald now with an european uppercut!!! Hayden is rocked!!! He stumbles back to the ropes!!!!!! A SECOND European uppercut as Cross puts up his arms to defend himself!!!! Dampshaw backs up..... CLOTHESLINE OVER THE TOP ROPE!!!

Morgan Shaw: Hayden falls right onto his back out of the ring, and Dampshaw..... ain't following.... Uh oh, OH SHIT!!!! HAYDEN GET UP!!!!

Lance Hart: VISIONS OF LAST WEEK!!!! Dampshaw's athenian henchman stops a rising Hayden Cross with a fucking PUNT KICK!!! Demis grabs Hayden by the back of his collar and belt, and DRIVES HIS HEAD INTO THE BARRICADE!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Demis now on top of Hayden, unleashing a series of elbows!!!! He drags him up by his neck!!!! OH!!!! DEMIS NOW SMASHING HAYDEN'S FACE INTO THE TOP OF THE BARRICADE!!!! The Onslaught continues as he now shoves the now busted open Hayden Cross to the ground!!!! OH and CURBSTOMPS HIM!!!!!! Demis now stomping down on Hayden Cross' head, and the crowd is DROWNING this arena in boos!!!!

Lance Hart: Can't blame them, hayden looks like he's on the verge of being concussed if he ain't already, Demis continuing by slamming Hayden's head into the concrete floor, god, CHET MAKE THIS SHIT STOP!!!!

(Dampshaw simply belly laughs at Chet, who's now almost falling over the rope as he yells at Demis. Demis not showing an ounce of care, as he picks up Hayden once more).

Morgan Shaw: God!!! Hey you greek fuck, knock it off!!!!

Lance Hart: Jesus Shaw, don't antagonize him!!! Last thing I want is that guy ripping our heads off too!!! OH AND DEMIS NOW SLAMMING HAYDEN'S HEAD INTO THE STEEL STEPS!!! Blood is now EVERYWHERE!!! On Hayden, on Demis, on the steps!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Someone's gotta make this stop- Wait, Reginald now calling for Demis to bring Hayden back into the ring!!! That corrupt fuck, you can't get away with this!!!!

Lance Hart: It seems he can, A catatonic Hayden Cross is rolled back into the ring, as Reginald forces him onto his feet- THE!!!! FAMILY!!! NAME!!! Osaka Stunner has now DEFINETLY killed poor Hayden, Dampshaw covers, sitting ontop of "Southpaw"s chest!!!

Morgan Shaw: This is a fucking travesty!!!

Chet: OOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Crowd: YOU FUCKING SUCK!!!! YOU FUCKING SUCK!!!! YOU FUCKING SUCK!!!! YOU
FUCKING SUCK!!!!

Chet: TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

Chet: TTTTTTTTTTTHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!

('Jerusalem' by Emerson, Lake & Palmer hits to a sea of BOOS, as Chet half assedly raises Dampshaw's hand, before attending to Hayden Cross with several ringside medics. Dampshaw takes offense to this, shrugging off Demis as he tries to hand him the belt).

Rita Gonzales: Here is your winner....REGINALD DAMPSHAW THE THIRD!

Reginald Dampshaw III (Off Mic): Hey!!! Raise my blood hand, I'm the Time Lizard god dammit!!! I'm your Spartan's Champion!!!!

Crowd: FUCK YOU DAMPSHAW!!!! FUCK YOU DAMPSHAW!!!! FUCK YOU DAMPSHAW!!!!
FUCK YOU DAMPSHAW!!!!!!

Reginald Dampshaw III (Off Mic): What would any of you commoner filth know!!!! That man wasn't a competitor, he was a bum, I did the roster a favor, I CLEANSED IT!!!!

(Dampshaw motions Demis towards the medics. Some of them try to stop the greek brute, but he easily muscles them away, and shoves some over the ropes).

Lance Hart: For the love of god!!! STOP IT!!!! Dampshaw you've made your point, lay off Hayden!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Dampshaw now mounting Hayden, and holding the championship to his face, yelling at him!!!! God, look at hayden, his face is busted two ways to hell, does he even fucking know where he is right now, stop it Dampshaw!!!!

Lance Hart: Wait, look- IT'S ARATA ASKURA!!!! The former rival of cross, now coming to his aid as he rushes down the ramp!!! Demis now sizing up to Arata as he slides in the ring!!!! Arata ducks a big overhand right!!! A rebound off the ropes- AND A HARD BICYCLE KNEE!!! Demis now stumbling back, the greek brute's aura cracked as he holds his face, Arata running back to the ropes, a rebound for momentum- BASEMENT DROPKICK!!!! Demis looking woozy as he stumbles to a knee!!!

Morgan Shaw: Hayden Cross stirring!!!! He grabs RD3 by his neck- OH AND A HARD HEADBUTT!!!! The champ is STUNNED!!! Hayden now rolling over and raining down punches on Dampshaw!!!! Dampshaw kicks off Hayden, but CROSS SENDS HIM TUMBLING BACK WITH A HARD RIGHT!!! AND THEN ANOTHER!!!! R-D-3 Now falling OUT OF THE ROPES!!!! In full retreat!!!! HA!!! HA!!!!

Lance Hart: The Spartan's champion and his greek monster now heading up the ramp, Reginald Dampshaw holding up his title, yelling all kinds of insults and profanity, but Arata and Hayden standing tall, the latter of the two a little worse for ware as a ringside doctor still tries to clean up his wounds.

Morgan Shaw: The Spartan's Champ might have gotten yet another dirty victory, but it seems like it won't continue for much longer, as the two former rivals Hayden and Arata now shaking hands in a sign of respect. Whatever this boils up to, I think Dampshaw's villainy is finally catching up to him.

(The camera cuts from a shot of Dampshaw and Demis heading up the ramp, to a shot of a vengeful Hayden Cross and Arata Askura leaning over the ropes, beckoning him to come back to try his luck. We transition into commercial.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

("Morning Glory" by Oasis is played throughout the arena to a big ovation as a suit-clad Finnegan Wakefield makes his way out from behind the curtains. He pops his collar before making his way down the aisle.)

Rita Gonzales: Ladies and gentlemen please welcome... FFFIIIIINNNEEGGGAAANNNN WAAAAAAAKKKKEEEFFFIIEELLDDDD!!!

Lance Hart: Morgan, there has been one question on everyone's minds these last few weeks and it's what has Finnegan Wakefield got planned for Final Destination 2? This is an individual who's been almost stuck in limbo since returning late last year. What is it that Finn needs?

Morgan Shaw: A win, Lance. A big one at that. This is a man who was the inaugural OWA World Champion and is still the longest-reigning one at that. Finnegan Wakefield just needs one big win to break out of this idle position he's found himself in, and he'll get back to being The Wrestling Artist we all know and love!

(Finnegan Wakefield takes a microphone as his music fades out.)

Finnegan Wakefield: Final Destination is the culmination of this company and its second season. A season that has seen many talents rise to the occasion and make statements that will propel them into the next. I, on the other hand, have found myself at an impasse. I have seemingly phased back into the background of everything else and every time I try to get back to the place I need to be, I am met with setback after setback. And the truth of the matter is that I have seemingly lost what it takes to be that top-caliber competitor that I was when this promotion started.

(Finnegan takes a deep breath, his eyes closed, followed by a slow exhale.)

Finnegan Wakefield: This time last year, I missed Final Destination. I was sitting at home, going through hell in my mind, watching that event and watching my home make a statement without me. A statement I wanted to make as the man who help up the World Championship in the end. That we are redefining wrestling. And this year, we're going to redefine it again. Because I will have a match at Final Destination but the only question is, and I am sure it has been on all of your minds too, who is it going to be? Who is going to face Finnegan Wakefield?

("Who?" chants fill the arena as Finnegan looks over the crowd.)

Finnegan Wakefield: Is it going to be a young upstart that wants to make a name for himself at the biggest show of the year? Will it be someone who has already shot through the ranks and I need to beat to get back to my prime? Maybe a legend, coming out of retirement for just one more match? Or maybe... maybe an old rival that will light the fire back in me? Well... I have made my decision.

(The crowd react loudly as they see somebody familiar roll into the ring behind Finn...)

Lance Hart: OH MY GOD IS THAT...

Morgan Shaw: WAIT?! HUH?!

Lance Hart: KILLER CRUSHER!!! KILLER CRUSHER!!! IT'S KEELAN CALLIHAN! THE KILLER HAS JUST SENT FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD HEAD FIRST INTO THE CANVAS. WHAT THE HELL?!

Morgan Shaw: THIS MAN WAS CONTEMPLATING RETIREMENT LAST WE SAW OF HIM. WHAT'S HE DOING HERE NOW?!

(Keelan drops to his knees before sitting down at the head of Finnegan. He's wearing baggy clothing and has grown a small beard. Keelan grabs the microphone Finn was using as he lifts the lifeless Finn's head into his lap.)

Keelan Callihan: I... I am a failure. Everything leading up to right now especially all the hardships and losses - it's been my fault. I've spent years playing the blame game when it was myself I should have pointed the finger at. I am a former shell of a man and I do not deserve anything in the slightest. But if there is one thing I do know that I do well is that I try. I try my hardest. Every time I open my mouth to speak I've lied to everybody, but every match I wrestle, I'm sure everyone can agree that I put on the best damn match I possibly can. I'm sure we all remember Game Over back in 2018 when you and I, Finn, wrestled our hearts out. Two longtime friends turning into bitter rivals all for the right to be named the OWA World Champion. We wrestled in the snubbed match of the year; over an hour of a pure technical wrestling masterclass that they have been showing amateurs and rookies in professional wrestling schools across the world as a way to teach them! There was so much emotion in that match Finn. So much in fact that when I was the one who fell just short, I had to leave the company. I walked away. And when I stayed away, I watched you dominate this brand like the fucking gifted athlete you are. And then at the same time I decided to return, YOU left. YOU walked away. And I'm sure you also watched closely as I began to dominate this brand like the fucking gifted athlete I am. But don't you think it just seems right that even though our paths have barely crossed since Game Over almost two years ago that we were yet somehow destined to wrestle again?

(The crowd roar in approval as Keelan rises to his feet, and stands over the downed Finn.)

Keelan Callihan: So that's what I'm doing - I'm following my gut. I've done it my whole career and it got me to this state of despair. I'm insane, I know it. I'm also a fucking idiot for doing this and I know this probably just means I'm going to fail like I always do because that's just who I am, but what kind of person would I be if I didn't at least try? Finn, you've been trying to figure out who you're wrestling at Final Destination well then look no further than your oldest mate in the business. We both need this. You may not realize it but we really both need this. So this is what I want... Keelan Callihan vs. Finnegan Wakefield 2..... inside Hell in a Cell!!!

(The crowd once again roar in approval as Keelan begins to nod to himself, knowing that this challenge just seems right.)

Keelan Callihan: I look forward to your response.

(Keelan drops the microphone, leaves the ring and makes his way up the ramp.)

Lance Hart: CALLIHAN VS. WAKEFIELD 2?! HELL IN A CELL?! HOLY SHIT!!!

Morgan Shaw: TALK ABOUT A DREAM SCENARIO. THESE TWO MEN HAD ONE OF THE GREATEST MATCHES I'VE EVER SEEN ALMOST TWO YEARS AGO. GOD I HOPE THEY GO AT IT AGAIN!!!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

[CARLOS PAY WHAT YOU OWE, YOU SPICE ADAMS LOOKING NIGGA!]

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Rita Gonzales: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

("I Fell" by Wicca Phase Springs Eternal hits the speakers and the crowd cheers loudly as Arata Asakura emerges through the curtain. He smiles widely at the ovation from the audience for a moment before heading down the ramp and slapping hands with a few fans in the front row. He then slides into the ring and heads to the corner, where he steps up onto the turnbuckle and raises one fist clenched high in the air.)

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first...from Osaka, Japan...weighing in at 220 lbs...he is the Keys to the Kingdom holder...ARATAAAAAAAA ASAAAAKUUUUUUUURRRRRRAAAAAAAA!!!

Lance Hart: Here comes the man with the Keys, Arata Asakura! He has to be riding a high right now after finally vanquishing Hayden Cross last time out in a thrilling No Disqualification Rubber Match. Those two had been going back and forth for months now, but in the end it was Arata who emerged victorious with those Keys still in his possession.

Morgan Shaw: And we know how those keys can change careers Lance. Just look what they did for Jeff X. Asakura has every right to be feeling good about things, but he may want to get down to business fairly quickly, because his opponent tonight is one of the best in the world.

(The lights in the arena begin to glow a bright shade of blue, beginning in tandem as the sultry sounds of "Formation" by Beyonce echoes over the PA system. After a few moments, the audience jumps to their feet as Aria Jaxon struts out into view on the stage with a smirk creasing her expression. She makes her way to the center of the stage, doing a full 180-degree turn so the audience can get a look at her gear. The Californian brushes the dirt off her shoulders before proceeding down the ramp, initially with outstretched arms. Her smile grows to a wider, more visible one as three bell chimes cut through the air. She removes her signature

shades she's wearing, tossing them out into the crowd as she walks down the aisle. Jaxon continues down the ramp at a brisk pace, high-fiving fans along the barricade as she goes. Aria hops up onto the ring apron, amidst scattered cheers and camera flashes dotting the audience. She blows a kiss out to the crowd before stepping over the bottom rope, entering the ring at last. The petite Californian heads for the nearest corner, climbing onto the middle rope, posing for pictures and hyping the crowd up some more before hopping down and leaning back against the turnbuckles.)

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent...from Los Angeles, California...weighing in at 114 lbs...ARIAAAAAAAAAA JAAAAAAAAAXOOOOOOOOOONNNNNN!!!

Lance Hart: Just listen to this crowd's reaction for the former OWA World Champion! She may not have the championship anymore, but it's clear that the Queen still has the respect of every single person in this building who are all excited for "Foot On Neck Season"!

Morgan Shaw: I wouldn't say everyone. Carlos Rosso is here somewhere you know. Things have certainly been heating up between those two over recent weeks, with Carlos causing Aria to be eliminated from the Clash and then Aria responding by costing him and Keelan their Tag Team titles. Aria appeared to throw down the gauntlet on the last Kingdom, challenging Carlos to a match at Final Destination, but if she's looking past Arata tonight...we could be in for a big upset.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: There's the bell and the two competitors lock up in the center of the ring. Aria quickly transitions straight into a side headlock, but Arata pushes her back into the ropes, bouncing her off of them and slipping out of the headlock as he pushes Jaxon towards the opposite ropes. But Aria rebounds off of them and returns to Arata with a spinning heel kick, taking him off his feet!

Morgan Shaw: Aria again bounces off the ropes looking to attack, but Arata quickly springs back to his feet! Aria with a clothesline attempt, but Arata ducks it! Aria continues running, again rebounding off the opposite ropes charging at Arata...but Asakura catches her with a Flapjack! Jaxon gets right back to her feet, but Arata sprints right at her and delivers a running high knee that sends the former Champion barreling through the ropes to the outside!

Lance Hart: Arata now leaps up and springs off the ropes...he looks for that Evil of the Sky Moonsault all the way to the outside of the ring!!!

Morgan Shaw: But Aria moves out of the way, just in time! Arata saw it coming however and landed right on his feet! But Aria delivers a big right hand before grabbing Arata by the hair and driving his head straight into the ringside barrier! Aria is not pulling any punches as we near Final Destination as she again lays another right hand into Arata! Asakura stumbles backwards,

leaning on the ring post for support, but in comes Aria to attack once more...she sends a third first towards the skull of Arata...but he ducks out of the way! Aria Jaxon's clenched fist makes firm contact with that ring post and now she's trying to shake off the pain in her hand, but Arata takes advantage and grabs her, hurling her straight back into the ring.

Lance Hart: Aria tries to scramble towards the ropes to pull herself back up, but Arata is already back in as well and he grabs her by the boot to pull her back towards the center...but Aria grabs the bottom rope! Arata is trying to yank her off of them but her grip is locked in tight on that bottom rope! Finally Asakura gives up and lets her go, opting to instead try and reach down and yank Aria up by the hair...but Aria with a swift kick right to the head of Arata as he bends down! She springs to her feet! As Arata is doubled over, Aria grabs him and sends him straight into the corner, through the turnbuckles, driving him shoulder first into that ring post! Arata falls to the mat and Aria quickly goes for the cover!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: Kick-out at two from Arata! Aria, looking to stay on offense here, goes to drag Arata back to his feet...but halfway up, he grabs her by the hair and pulls her right into a jawbreaker! Aria stumbles backwards a bit and angrily marches right back to him..but this time she's met with a stiff European Uppercut! Arata now with a series of chops backing Aria into the ropes! He tries to bounce her off of them and whip her across the ring, but the veteran plants her feet and spins around, sending a big kick to the ribs of Arata...but Asakura catches her foot! A dragon screw leg whip takes Aria right down to the mat!

Lance Hart: But Aria is quick to scramble right back to her feet...only to be hit with the Double A!!! That Cartwheel Pele Kick connects and Aria again is knocked right through the ropes to the outside of the ring!

Morgan Shaw: And he's not done there Lance! Arata leaps up and springs off the ropes...EVIL OF THE SKY!!! This time it connects and Aria Jaxon is down out here on the ringside floor!

Lance Hart: And a fired up Asakura quickly yanks Aria up off the floor and slides her back into the ring! He follows her inside, but Aria is already starting to get back to her feet. Arata runs straight at her...The Painkiller!!!! That Hurricanrana Driver connects and Arata covers!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTTTHHHHHHRR-

Morgan Shaw: NO! Aria kicked out just before the count of three! Undeterred, Arata gets back up and steps between the ropes and out onto the apron! He motions for Aria to get back to her feet and slowly she begins to do! Finally she gets to a vertical basis and turns around right as Arata leaps up and springboards off the ropes with a front missile dropkick!

Lance Hart: But Aria sees it coming! She rolls out of the way and Arata crashlands on the canvas! He quickly gets back up, but Aria is already sprinting right at him...ROYAL BLUE!!!

Morgan Shaw: Arata ducks it! Schoolboy rollup!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: Kick-out by Jaxon at two! Both Alphas back to their feet quickly and Aria charges at Arata looking to attack...but she runs right into a perfect Northern Lights Suplex!!! Arata bridges and this could be it!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: And Aria AGAIN kicks out! What is it gonna take to beat the Golden Girl of the Golden Brand?!

Lance Hart: Aria Jaxon now sits back up, somehow still in this match-up and Arata throws a kick right towards her chest...but Aria ducks it! She pushes Arata in the back with all her might and sends him running towards the ropes...but he leaps up onto the middle rope! He springboards off and turns around with a cross body!

Morgan Shaw: Right into Absolute Monarchy !!!!! Aria Jaxon with that Jumping Knee Strike to a mid-air Arata Asakura!!!!

Lance Hart: And Arata, perhaps out of sheer instinct now trying to get back to his feet, but I don't think he has any idea where he even is! Aria moves in...ROYAL BLUE!!!! THAT BICYCLE SUPERKICK CONNECTS AND DOWN GOES ARATA!!!! COVER!!!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTTTHHHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rita Gonzales: Here is your winner...ARIAAAAAAAAAA JAAAAAAAAAXOOOOOOONNNNN!!!

Morgan Shaw: What a match between one of the brightest up and comers in all of OWA and one of OWA's original members and former world champions! But experience won the day this time around as Aria Jaxon notches yet another win under her belt as "Foot On Neck" season rolls on!

Lance Hart: But take nothing away from Arata Asakura. He should hold his head high as he took the fight right to Aria, proving that he can hang with the very best that this company has to offer!

(“Formation” plays again as Aria rolls off of Arata. She gets to her feet as the official raises her arm into the air in victory. Arata meanwhile rolls out of the ring, nodding at Aria in respect as the crowd cheers wildly.)

Morgan Shaw: Arata taking his loss like a man...BUT RD3 NOT TAKING INCONVENIENCE LIKE A MAN AS THERE HE IS WITH A SHOT AT ARATA FROM BEHIND! BRASS KNUCKLES TO THE SKULL AS ARATA FACEPLANTS ON THE GROUND!

(The crowd boo vehemently as RD3 looks down at Arata, backing up the ramp looking satisfied.)

Lance Hart: RD3 did not take kindly at all to Arata's involvement in his affairs! Our ref and Aria are checking on him, but we might need some more help out here! We'll be back soon and when we return it is our main event!

(FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Cut back from commercial to Rita Gonzales standing in the ring. Looming annoyingly behind her are Consuelo and Cameron...)

Rita Gonzales: "LAAAAADIES and Gentlemen! The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Fans: "ONE FALL!!"

Rita Gonzales: “and is a CAROLINAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA DONNYBROOK!!
The rules are as follows...Pinfalls or submissions must occur INSIDE the ring...other than that?!
ANY! THING! GOES!...introducing first...standing to my right...at a combined weight of 438
pounds...CAMERON AAAAAND CONSUELO DUBOIS...THEEEEEEE BOYS!”

(The fans give a mildly hot response for the Boys, who post up behind Rita and pose. Rita shakes her head slightly as Cameron says something inaudible to her...)

(Cut to Sparks position. Jeff X stands near the monitor, watching as Cameron and Consuelo prep and talk in the ring. He doesn't turn as Kenny Drake walks up behind him.)

Kenny Drake: "...so..."

Jeff X: "...so..."

Kenny Drake: ".....so...."

Jeff X: "...good talk, champ."

Kenny Drake: "I have a feeling...you and I are gonna be a fairly good team tonight."

Jeff X: "Yeah? Well, I have a feeling...that no matter how this goes tonight, whether we're a good team or a useless one...I'm GONNA beat the shit out of one those little twerps...maybe both...and I'm gonna send a message to that kook Moongoose and dipshit Bull... Maybe even pass a little note to you, too."

Kenny Drake: "...yeah...that's kinda what I meant..."

Jeff X: "Goodie. I'll see ya out there."

(Jeff turns to walk away, but Kenny stops him, placing a hand on his shoulder. Jeff's face is a mixture of confusion, anger, and curiosity...)

Kenny Drake: "...anywhere else...but THIS is YOUR home. They came to see YOU. You gonna make me go after you? Nahnahnahnah...I'll see YOU out there."

(Kenny smiles slightly as he pats Jeff on the shoulder...)

(Cut back to the arena...)

REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH

(The fans leap out of their seats as "Personal Jesus" rips through the arena. The lights pulse with the beat, and after a moment, Kenny Drake comes barreling through the curtain, OWA World title clasped around his neck. Kenny cackles points down the ramp. He draws a line with his foot...and emphatically stomps over it to begin his march down to the ring...)

Rita Gonzales: “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAND THEIR Opponents! INTRODUCING First...from PORTLAND, OREGON...weighing in at 200 Pounds....He is the OWA WOOOORLD CHAMPION.....The BAD Seed....KENNYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY DRAAKE!!!”

Lance Hart: Morgan, I can't imagine the mindset Kenny Drake must be in right now! He's been prepping this whole time for a MASSIVE triple threat at Final Destination; gearing up to take on Jeff X AND Moongoose McQueen...and then JEFF X SHOCKED the damn WORLD...SHOWED up on OLYMPUS...and FORMALLY challenged BULL CONNORS!

Morgan Shaw: Kenny should be HAPPY! He only has to focus on ONE man now, and not have to worry about the Sons of Jim Bridger coming after him!

(Kenny scrambles up the steps, scurries up the turnbuckle, and throws his arms out. The fans cheers grow louder...just as the music cuts out...)

(All that is heard are the opening notes of “Kick It In The Sticks” before the arena is completely drowned out with cheers. The fans roar as the lights dance along with the song. A good majority begin to sing along...all before the curtain flips open, and out strides the hometown hero, Jeff X. Somehow...somehow, the cheers grow louder. Even Jeff is taken aback slightly...)

Rita Gonzales: "AND HIS PARTNER...FROM ASKIN, NORTH CAROLIIIIINA!....WEIGHING IN AT 237 POUNDS...HE IS THE 2020 CLASH OF THE TITANS WINNER.....HE IS...."

Rita/Fans: **“JEFF! X!”**

(Jeff chuckles and begins to saunter down to the ring. The fans pick up singing the song...)

Lance Hart: What an OvATion!

Morgan Shaw: WHAT?!

Lance Hart: I SAID WHAT AN OVATION!

Morgan Shaw: WHAT?!

Lance Hart: Forget it. Let's just enjoy this.

Morgan Shaw:WHAT?!

(Jeff rounds the ring, high-fiving several fans in the front row, before nonchalantly sliding into the ring. With all the confidence in the world, he takes his time standing up...climbs the turnbuckle...and throws up the X. He is copied by literally everyone in the arena...)

Fans: "JEFF X!" *clap clap* "JEFF X!" *clap clap* "JEFF X!"

Lance Hart: This raucous North Carolina crowd is FIRMLY behind their hometown boy, Jeff X! Hold on, Jeff and Kenny...each take hold of one of the twins...Jeff with Cameron, Kenny's got Consuelo...Jeff nods at Kenny...the two start DRAGGING the boys on either side of the ring!

Morgan Shaw: Jeff and Kenny pull Cam and Suelo to their feet...grab the twins by their wrists...and in UNISON, take off...

Lance Hart: AND SEND CAMERON AND CONSUELO CAREENING INTO THE STEEL BARRICADES!!! CAMERON SENT BARRELING INTO THE CROWD, AND CONSUELO IS CRUMBLING IN A HEAP IN FRONT OF US!!!

Morgan Shaw: GOD! THESE MONSTERS!!

Lance Hart: IT'S A DONNYBROOK!!

(Jeff hops over the guardrail after Cameron, while Kenny pulls Consuelo up to his feet...)

Morgan Shaw: God, what does he think he's doing...Kenny Drake...hooks Consuelo's head...SUPLEX LIFT...AND DROPS HIM gut first onto our announce table!! Jesus, do you hear his groans of AGONY, Lance?!

Lance Hart: Damn right I do...hold o-

(Kenny rips the headset off of Lance's head and sits on the table...)

Kenny Drake: Oh my God, the World Champion, just...taking this little tinkerbelle to town...I don't think clappings gonna help him this time, Morg!

Morgan Shaw: Get him, Kenny! Hell yeah!!

Kenny Drake: Well put...hold on, what does that handsome motherfucker Kenny Drake have planned...he's got Consuelo or Cameron...Consuelo? Yeah?

Morgan Shaw: I think so!

Kenny Drake: Hey! He's got Consuelo up to his knees...a place I'm sure...never mind...all the way up...all the way to his feet...Kenny hooks Suelo's head...hooks his arm...could...he...be...

(Kenny lifts...and DRILLS Consuelo with the Killing Joke onto the announce table!!)

Kenny Drake: KILLLLLLLLLLLING JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOKE!! OooooohmyGOD he's gotta be OUT, Morgan!

(Kenny shoves Consuelo off the table and rips the headset off, tossing it back to Lance. Kenny rises to his feet on the table and holds out his arms, prompting the fans to erupt at him...)

Morgan Shaw: What a degenerate!

Lance Hart: Hey, Morgan!

Morgan Shaw: LANCE! I told Kenny Drake EXACTLY what I think about him! You shoulda heard it! He was trembling!

Lance Hart: I was standing ONLY behind my chair, partner! I heard you!

Morgan Shaw: ...MEANWHILE, JEFF...LOOK AT JEFF... HE'S got Cameron in a tight headlock, and is just PARADING him around!

Fans: "WEL-COME HOME! WEL-COME HOME! WEL-COME HOME! WEL-COME HOME!"

Lance Hart: Jeff X, finally releases Cameron...HARD right hand sends him reeling...and WHERE did Jeff get that beer?! From a fan?!

Morgan Shaw: Degenerates! The lot of them!

Lance Hart: Jeff, takes a sip from the cup...Cameron stumbles toward him...

X CRUUUUUUUSHHHHHHHERRRRRRRRR!!!!

Morgan Shaw: OHMYGOD!!

(The fans erupt as Cameron flops back like a punctured wavy tube man ...The fans around Jeff swarm toward him, handing him a smorgasbord of beers...Jeff laughs wickedly as he downs the remains of his beer and snatches another from nearby...Jeff reaches his hand out, and a fan helps him to his feet...)

Lance Hart: This is insanity...this is absolutely insane and I Love it.

Morgan Shaw: THIS is batshit NUTS.

Lance Hart: Jeff X...conversing with the fans...CHUGS that cup of beer!

Morgan Shaw: That was probably \$15 bucks...

Lance Hart: Jeff gulps down the rest of the cup...and PULLS Cameron to his feet...

Morgan Shaw: JESUS!!

Jeff X (n/m): "One More Beer, then!"

Morgan Shaw: You gotta be kidding me! Cameron is lying there, DEAD as DILLINGER and Jeff...has got a THIRD beer!

Lance Hart: Jeff rises to his feet...pulling Cameron along with him...he turns to a nearby blonde woman...nods to her, before CHUGGING that beer in A gulp...

(Jeff immediately hops to his feet and stands up on some chairs, throwing his hands up into the iconic X. The camera slowly zooms out to show him surrounded in a SEA of X's. Literally every fan is throwing up the X! Meanwhile in the balcony is Moongoose McQueen who is practically pulling his hair out at the moment.)

Fans: "JEFF! JEFF! JEFF FUCKIN X! JEFF! JEFF! JEFF FUCKIN X!"

Lance Hart: This is IN-CREDIBLE...Jeff X, surrounded by his friends and family...what a MOMENT!

Morgan Shaw: Yeah Yeah Yeah! Whatever! Meanwhile! Back in the ring!

Lance Hart: Oh will you...

Morgan Shaw: Kenny Drake and Consuelo...middle of the ring...and ConSUELO is making this a FIGHT! HARD forearm rocks Kenny back...

Lance Hart: But Kenny comes firing back with a forearm of his own! Consuelo falls to a knee...

Morgan Shaw: but ROARS back up with a HARD European Uppercut! THAT caught flush!
Kenny stumbles back...into the ropes...rebounds off...LOOKINGFORABULLROPE...

Lance Hart: DUCKED by Consuelo...hits the ropes, rebounds as Kenny turns...AND TAKES THE WORLD CHAMPION DOWN WITH A RUNNING HURRICANRANA!!! Kenny Drake

immediately hops to his feet, just as Consuelo again rebounds from the ropes...Kenny Drake...TILT A WHIRL...POPS UP CONSUELO

Morgan Shaw: COUNTERED INTO A DDT!! HOLY LORD, CONSUELO HAS PLANTED OUR WORLD CHAMPION WITH A SPIKE DDT!!! KENNY DRAKE JUST WENT INTO RIGOR MORTIS, AND CONSUELO IS MAKING HIS WAY TO THE TOP ROPE!!!

Lance Hart: Could you beLIEVE the wrestling world if CONSUELO of all people picked up the win?!?

Morgan Shaw: I BELIEVE!! I BELIEVE!!

Lance Hart: Consuelo, slowly beginning to stand! Perched high, HIGH on that top rope! Consuelo, peering down at the STILL prone Kenny Drake!

Morgan Shaw: THE SKIES ARE CLEAR, TOP GUN!

Lance Hart: Consuelo smiles...AND LEAPS OFF!! BEAUTIFUL FRO-WHAT IN THE HELL?!? JEFF...X....

SPRIIIIIIIIIIIINGBOOOOOOAAAAAARD X CRUUUUUSSHHHHEEEERRRRRRR!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: WKFJSHMSJUDMNR TO OLG

Lance Hart: WHAT IN THE HELL DID WE JUST SEE?!? WHAT IN THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?!??? FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, JEFF X...HIT A GOD DAMN SPRINGBOARD X CRUSHER TO A **MID AIR** CONSUELO!!! THESE FANS ARE LOSING THEIR MINDS!! I'M LOSING MY MIND!!!

Fans: "HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!! HO-LY SHIT!!"

(A replay box rightfully takes up the whole screen, showing the picture perfect springboard X Crusher from several different angles, before finally showing a slo-mo closeup...Jeff literally appears from out of nowhere...the screen returns to the live action...Kenny is back to his feet, thanks to help from Jeff...)

Fans: "JEFF X!" *clap clap* "JEFF X!" *clap clap*

Lance Hart: My God in heaven...I have never seen this side of Jeff X... he is pulling out all the stops...hold on, look...Cameron...Cameron has somehow dragged himself back to ringside...he's on wobbly legs...Kenny and Jeff notice him...

Kenny Drake (n/m): "...you ever see Thelma and Louise?"

(Jeff looks at Kenny...and the two hold hands...)

Lance Hart: What in the...Jeff and Kenny, back up to the ropes...still holding each other's hand...Kenny...mouths something...AND BOTH MEN TAKE OFF!! HEADS FULL OF STEAM...

STEREO HAND HOLDING SUICIDE DIVES!!!! THELMA! AND! LOUISE TAKES OUT CAMERON!!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!

Fans: "HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!!"

Lance Hart: KENNY DRAKE AND JEFF X, KIP UP IN UNISON AND PULL CAMERON TO HIS FEET...TOSS HIM INTO THE RING...Jeff follows and stands...Kenny in, stands up behind Cameron...who rises...slowly...he doesn't notice a thing! Cameron...steadies...looks up...

X CRUSHERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

CAMERON FALLS BACK...CAUGHT BY KENNY DRAKE...HE HOOKS HIS HEAD....

RED! DEAD! REDEEEEEEMPTIOOOOOOOON!!!!

KENNY DRAKE WITH THE ROLLING CUTTER!! KENNY DRAKE HIT THAT ROLLING CUTTER, AND HE TELLS JEFF TO COVER!!! THIS CROWD IS ELECTRIC AS JEFF DROPS FOR THE COVER!!! HOOKS A LEG!!

Larry Blackwell/Fans: "OOOOOONE!!

TWOOOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!!"

(DING DING DING!!)

Lance Hart: THAT'S IT!!

Morgan Shaw: shghjrjgk...

Rita Gonzales: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS...KENNY DRAKE...AND JEEEEEEFFFFFFF X!"

(You'll have to just believe me that "Kick It In The Sticks" fires up over the PA, because the fans are going too insane to hear anything else. Jeff slowly sits up and smiles at Kenny.)

Lance Hart: My word, what a show...what a show...what a way to cap off an already unforgettable Kingdom...

Morgan Shaw: That...springboard...X Crusher...

Lance Hart: The BARRAGE of X Crushers! The MOONSAULT! The KILLING JOKE on the table here! EVERYTHING! Not a SINGLE slow moment! That SUICIDE pace! Kenny Drake and Jeff X made a BLARING statement here tonight, and I think BOTH men are ready to walk this road to Final Destination!

(Kenny Drake strides up slowly to Jeff and puts his hand out...Jeff chuckles to himself and takes the hand. Kenny pulls Jeff to his feet...straight into a bro hug. The fans erupt as Kenny and Jeff embrace in the middle of the ring, before holding the others hand up in victory.)

Lance Hart: Look at th-

X
CRUSHHHHHHHHERR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!

(The arena comes unglued. Kenny Drake flops and rolls back as Jeff shoots to his feet, laughing hysterically. Every fan is up and jumping, stomping, clapping, cheering. Jeff looks down at Kenny...and shrugs.)

Jeff X (n/m): "You kinda had that coming, man...we're even now. Good luck at Final Destination..."

Lance Hart: WHAT IN THE HELL!?! WHAT IN THE HELL!?! JEFF X JUST X CRUSHED KENNY DRAKE!! FANS! WE GOTTA GO!! WE'LL SEE YA NEXT TIME!!

(The screen fades to black...with Jeff X throwing up the X...and the entire sea of fans behind him, following suit...)

(The OWA Logo buzzes...)